

# ALEXIS;

OR

## The Young Adventurer.

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EDINBURGH:

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# B I X E L A

A D B A Y O V E H U C T C R

THE following Piece seems to have been the Product of some leisure Hours. It has been written some Years ago, for it was with Difficulty that it could be transcrib'd. What the Meaning of it is, must be best known to the Author; who presents us with ALEXIS, as a Person endowed with all the Qualities of a Hero, and his Enemies as lost to all Sense of Honour and Humanity.

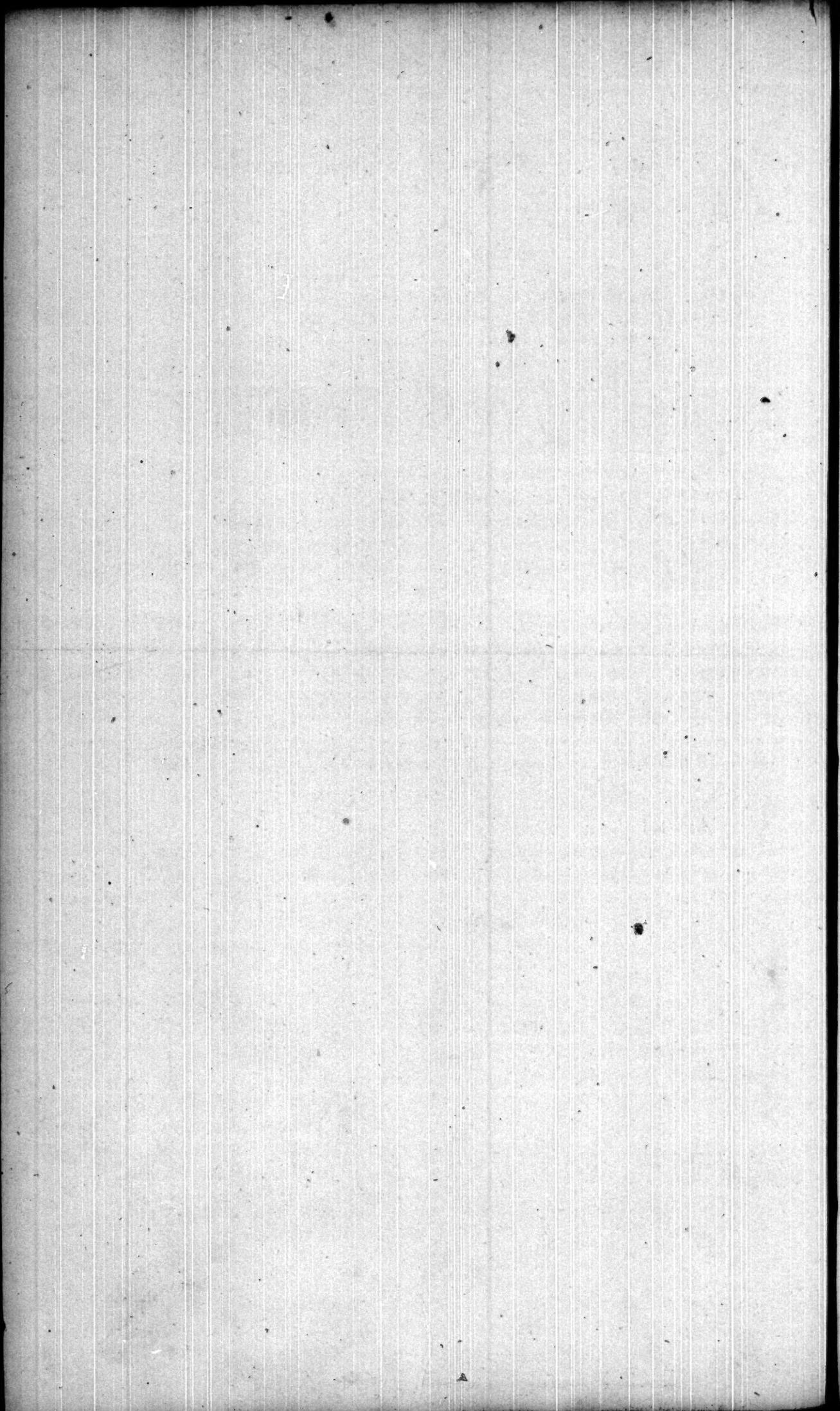


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E D I N A U R G H :

1747. ANDREW CALLEN. A. 70. b. 11.

<b>ALEXIS</b>	<b>A brave Youth.</b>
<i>Robustia</i>	<i>Sc—tl—nd.</i>
<i>Felicia</i>	<i>En—l—nd.</i>
<i>Sa—gi—ius</i>	<i>Some butchering Fellow.</i>
<i>Sanguinarians</i>	<i>His Followers.</i>
<i>Blood Hounds</i>	<i>The Army.</i>
<i>Lacbrymania</i>	<i>Culloden.</i>
<i>Tityrus</i>	<i>Mr Sullivan.</i>
<i>Corydon</i>	<i>Mr O Neal.</i>
<i>Longana</i>	<i>An Island near</i>
<i>Meridiana</i>	<i>South Uist.</i>
<i>Ætheria</i>	<i>The Isle of Sky.</i>
<i>Clarinda</i>	<i>Lady Clanronald.</i>
<i>Heroica</i>	<i>Miss Macdonald.</i>
<i>Sea Monsters</i>	<i>Ships of War.</i>
<i>My Salama</i>	<i>My Mother.</i>
<i>Honorius</i>	<i>Mr Macdonald, Step-Father to Miss Macdonald.</i>
<i>Yalk</i>	<i>The Highland Language.</i>
<i>B—y B—k</i>	<i>Betty Bourk.</i>
<i>Bullinian</i>	<i>Irish.</i>
<i>Veracius</i>	<i>Neil Mackechan, properly Maclean.</i>
<i>Gladiana</i>	<i>Gladsmuir, or Preston-Pans.</i>
<i>Clinizia</i>	<i>Clifton.</i>
<i>Falcania</i>	<i>Falkirk.</i>
<i>Yawms</i>	<i>Provisions.</i>
<i>Trickelius</i>	<i>Sir E—— Fawkner.</i>
<i>Erronei</i>	<i>Macleods.</i>
<i>Fallacia</i>	<i>A House of</i>
<i>Deceptus</i>	<i>Sir A. Macdonald.</i>
<i>Mariana</i>	<i>His Lady.</i>
<i>Fidelius</i>	<i>Mr Macdonald.</i>
<i>Regicia</i>	<i>Kingborough.</i>
<i>Hilaria</i>	<i>Wine.</i>
<i>Buskins</i>	<i>Highland Brogues.</i>
<i>Sanctimia</i>	<i>S. J—m—s's.</i>
<i>Cressini</i>	<i>French.</i>
<i>Reffia</i>	<i>Raza.</i>
<i>Prudentius</i>	<i>Macleod of Raza.</i>
<i>Nestor</i>	<i>Old Mackinnon.</i>
<i>Constantius</i>	<i>Captain Macleod.</i>
<i>Crudelius</i>	<i>Captain J—n Fergusson.</i>
<i>Acbates</i>	<i>Young Lochiel.</i>
<i>Cordius</i>	<i>One of the Name of Mackinnon.</i>
<i>Militarius</i>	<i>General C—mpb—l.</i>
<i>Voluptucia</i>	<i>Fort Augustus.</i>
<i>Ruperia</i>	<i>Castle of Edinburgh.</i>
<i>Trumpeters</i>	<i>Presbyterian Ministers.</i>
<i>New Airs</i>	<i>Sermons.</i>
<i>Musick</i>	<i>Preaching.</i>
<i>Lexelius</i>	<i>Duncan F—rb—s.</i>
<i>Strutterius</i>	<i>A kicking Captain.</i>
<i>Mendacious</i>	<i>D—d Bruce.</i>
<i>Erroneus</i>	<i>Macleod.</i>
<i>Celestius</i>	<i>A Gentleman of the Name of Mackenzie.</i>
<i>Theleme</i>	<i>{ Two good Books.</i>
<i>Eucharia</i>	



**A**L<sup>E</sup>X<sup>I</sup>S, a Shepherd of the first Rank upon the Continent of *Robustia*, having with a sorrowful Heart long view'd the Degeneracy and Miseries of the lower Shepherds, at last formed noble and generous Designs of reforming their Manners, and gently leading them back to that happy Simplicity and Innocence, for which their *hardy Ancestors* are so famed in Story. His generous Views were not confin'd within the Limits of *ROBUSTIA*, but reach'd to the warmer Clime of *FELICIA*, where those of the Pastoral Life were fatally drown'd in Luxury and thoughtless Indolence. The Virtue, the Peace, and Plenty of the Swains were his greatest Ambition. To make them happy was his only Aim. Never was there a Scheme of more Disinterestedness, an Enterprize of greater Danger. As soon as the glorious Design was whisper'd in the Villas, many of the *Robustian Shepherds* flock'd to the brave *ALEXIS*, declar'd their Willingness to hazard their All in the pious Undertaking of *ALEXIS*, and under his auspicious Conduct and prevailing Example they chearfully undergo the greatest Hardships. They eat the brown Crust, and drink the cold Stream. The Grafs and the Heath is their Bed, and the hard Stone their Pillow. In this hardy Way they advance in their laudable Enterprize, and their first Attempts were crown'd with such unexpected Successes, that without Resistance, they march into the Heart of *FELICIA*; where, much to their Surprize, they found the Shepherds quite nummed with Lethargy. And it is observable that those bore in their Foreheads the Mark of the Kick of a Horse's Foot. Some few indeed there were that had preserved themselves from the Contagion, whose Breasts were fired with refined Sentiments of that Simplicity and Plainness of Manners, they so ardently long'd to see restored. These speedily join in the Enterprize of the graceful *ALEXIS* with his *Robustian Adventurers*, and do all they can to awake their Fellow-swains out of their lethargick and grovelling State; but all to no purpose. They cannot (*alas!*) rouze them to one manly Thought, one generous Sentiment; their nobler Powers and Faculties being quite funk in Luxury and voluptuous Ease, and low Pursuits unbecoming human Nature. They were quite degenerated from what their Forefathers had been, who were so noted for Virtue and Hospitality.

Such did *ALEXIS* find the Shepherds on the Plain of *FELICIA*; and such was their Aversion to their own Happiness, that his generous Attempts amongst them proved unsuccessful, and he himself, with his brave Followers, were obliged to return to *ROBUSTIA*, commiserating their fatal Stupidity. Thither did *Sa-gui-ius* follow them, having first collected a numerons Pack of *Blood-Hounds* to execute the shocking Scheme that was form'd against the gentle *ALEXIS* and his Followers, and upon the unlucky Plain of *Lachrymania* was *ALEXIS* attack'd by *Sa-gui-ius* and his Blood-hounds, when he had scarce half of his Followers with him, where they were almost as soon put to flight as they had formerly beat their Enemies, but with greater Resistance, notwithstanding they had scarce had Victuals or Rest for two Days before. Here *Sa-gui-ius* rides triumphant in Gore. The wounded are put to Death in cool Blood, or left on the Field to die in the greatest Agonies! The Huts of the Shepherds are set on Fire! Ravishing of Mothers and Daughters is there a

common Practice ! The harmless Shepherdesses, and yet more harmless Babes are inhumanly butcher'd. The greatest and best Part of *ALEXIS*'s Followers, who were on their Way to join him on the Field of *Lachrymania*, hearing the sad Disaster he had met with, endeavour to get to the Mountains, to wait *ALEXIS*'s Orders, where they are mostly either put to death or starved. The pregnant Shepherdesses are ripp'd up, and the Infants drop out with the Entrails ! Shocking Barbarity !

Amidst all this Scene of Barbarity and Devastation the pious *ALEXIS* is the peculiar Care of Heaven. With *Tityrus* and *Corydon* he retires into the Island *Longana*, and from that to the Island of *Meridiana*, where he is hospitably entertain'd by the excellent *Clarinda*. There he remain'd for some time with safety, 'till *Sa-gui-ius* entertain'd a Jealousy of his being in that Place, and sent a large Number of his Hounds in quest of him, and promised a Reward to any one that should catch him. None but such as *Clarinda* can imagine the Distress she was in upon account of the brave *ALEXIS*, whose generous Soul thought of nothing but his Deliverance from his base blood-thirsty Enemies. Her Anxiety was inexpressible, but still Resolution and Presence of Mind had the Ascendant of her Fears. Wiping the Tears from her Eyes she sends for her Confident *Heroica*, a young Shepherdess about eighteen Years of Age, blessed with a Greatness of Soul and Happiness of Invention far superior to most of her tender Years. The blooming Nymph came, heard *Clarinda*'s doleful Narrative, her Breast glowed with Desire to preserve the gallant *ALEXIS*, and thus she spoke. ' My dear *Clarinda*, frequently have you shewed your Griefs and doubled your Joys with me, but thus is the strongest Instance you can afford me of that singular Confidence you honour me with : Bid your Eyes cease from Tears, and your Heart from Fear : You know *ALEXIS* is the peculiar Care of Heaven, and (under God) I will undertake for his Safety if he will submit to my Guardianship. My *Salamā* lives in the Island *Etheria*, thither will I immediately repair to tender her my Respects, and take with me the brave *ALEXIS* in a female Dress as my Maid : The trusty stout *Honorius* will frankly give me a Passport, and Providence, I hope, will carry Us safely, and preserve Us from the Sea-monsters which swim round this Island, and would be greedy of such a Prey as the great *ALEXIS*. '

' O happy *Heroica*, cries *Clarinda*, happy in thy sprightly Soul, happy in a quick Invention ; but, prithee, what Name shall be given to thy supposed Maid ; not one of our Names (says *Heroica*) for he cannot speak Talk : and therefore I will call him *B-y B-k*; a Bullian Name.'

Quickly all Things are got ready, and away they haste to the Shore, taking along with them only two Rowers and *Veracius*, a Shepherd of the lowest Rank as a Servant, but whose Honesty, was above Corruption, the too prevailing Foible of these Times.

On the way *ALEXIS* stops short, and desires to return for his two steady Attendants *Tityrus* and *Corydon*, whom he could not think of leaving behind. ' They are, says HE, firm as a Rock in the sacred Ties of Friendship and Honour. No Gripe of Fortune could tear them from me ; how then can I think of parting from them ? Cease, says *Heroica*, from that Tenderness ; in the present Exigence it would prove both

both your Ruin and theirs. A quick Dispatch is all we have for it at present. Besides, I can more easily undertake for the Safety of one than three. If you insist on it I will not go on board. What, says *ALEXIS*, my Guardian leave me ! Heavens forbid ! But, oh ! my Anxiety, for the best of Friends is inexpressible ! Leave them ! I cannot bear the thought ! It is like tearing my Soul from the Body ! Away, *Veracius*, away, get them here, I had much rather be taken with them than without them.' 'Stop, stop *Veracius*, cries *Heroica*; the Danger thickens, there is no time to be lost. Then throwing herself at the Feet of *ALEXIS*, with a Flood of Tears begged him to consider, that the Safety of his own Person was the important Point. 'Pray Sir, says she, you know when you undertook your glorious Enterprize, you must have laid your Account not to have executed it without the Hazard of your own Life and many of your gallant Followers. Although Providence for the farther Punishment of the infatuated Shepherds has seen your Enemies defeat your generous Attempt, yet has preserved your Sacred Life, I hope, to accomplish it. Besides, continues she, think what you would have given for the Lives of so many of these your trusty Followers, when you left the Field of *Lachrymania* crying, Oh ! my brave Men ! Oh ! my brave Men ! and who are yet alive in spight of their blood thirsty Enemies. If I accomplish your Safety, says the Nymph, I am happy, I have my aim. I hope, Heaven will take care of the worthy Two and preserve them for your sake; but if you still insist on it, I cannot, and will not go on board. Forgive my Importunity, cries she, forgive it : the pressing Occasion demands Dispatch !' *ALEXIS*, raising her up, says, My faithful Guardian, to thy Importunity must I yield, kind Heaven bless all my Friends, save them from Harm, and once more grant us a happy Meeting.'

Reluctant, without his Friends, is *ALEXIS* forced for his own Safety to go on board; and *Heroica* orders the Rowers to make directly to the nearest Point of *Aetheria*, where she promised to give them fresh Directions.

Upon their setting out a thick *Mist* descends, by which Means they get safely thro' the *Sea Monsters*, who would have been ready to devour them. In the Passage *ALEXIS*, entertains his charming Guardian with a short Narrative of some of his Adventures. ' You know too well, says she, the many Dangers I encounter'd upon the Ocean when attended by seven only to need any Repetition of them : You have heard likewise the several Accounts of *Gladiana*, *Clenizia* and *Falcana*. These I pass over. But Oh ! what a mixture of Grief and Joy possesses my Soul ? how am I dividèd betwixt these opposite Passions when I think upon the Plain of *Lachrymania* ? There my faithful Shepherds were, dispersed and forced to roam thro' the bleak Hills, wild Desarts, dusky Hollows and gloomy Dens, exposed to all the nipping Torments of Hunger, Thirst and Cold — I share in their Sorrows.—I feel their Pains, my Heart bleeds for them,—but still there is something within me that tells I shall one Day, recompense them all maugre all the Opposition of my Enemies, and the Infatuation of the deluded Shepherds, for whom my Heart bleeds likewise, as it does for those of my Enemies who fell on the the Plain ; for they in

time would have learn'd Virtue and become good Subjects. When I take a full view of the whole, as permitted by the first of Causes, Joy takes place in my Breast.—Joy take place, says *Heroica*, How is it possible when one thinks on the fatal Scene? ‘Fatal in some shape it is, replies *ALEXIS*, but calmly hear the whole, and the cause of Joy will evidently appear. *Heroica*, astonish'd begs to hear the surprizing Story. ‘Upon the fatal Day when I engaged with *Sa—gui—ius*, tho' he had triple my Number, says *ALEXIS*, I no doubt look'd for Victory; and notwithstanding the Inequality of Numbers, considering the natural Bravery of my Adventurers I would have been successful, but for their long want of Rest and Provisions, neither of which they had got for two Days before, and the very Morning of that Day had made a long March to attack the Enemy, but by some fatal Neglect, or something worse in some of my Officers, miscarried, and were obliged without halting to return to the fatal Plain, where my Friends were dispers'd. My Defeat, says he, is the Cause of my Joy; for know, my faithful *Heroica*, continues *ALEXIS*, that had I succeeded, my honest Followers would have been destroyed to a Man by the baneful Yaums that were provided. Cruelty and Courage can never be together. The Cruelties committed on my Shepherds were unheard of, continues *ALEXIS*, for the *Sanguinarians*, butcher'd and cut to Pieces most of those they could Catch, and even the poor harmless Shepherds they found travelling on the Highway, or exercised about their ordinary Business if they had but the Pastoral Dress. Poor helpless Creatures, incapable of making any Resistance and dreading no Harm! They who had taken no side, what Offence could they give; Father and Son, grasped in one another's Arms, were found weltering in their Blood, and breathing their last in the utmost Agonies.

The tender-hearted *Heroica* had almost swoon'd away at the dismal Tale. Her Looks and Gestures express'd her Amaze at the prodigious Wickedness. *ALEXIS* bids her summon her Spirits, and consider with him, what blind Judges poor Mortals are, even in their own nearest Affairs. ‘We wish for Misery, says *HE*, in place of Happiness, for Poison instead of Health. How happy is it for us, that a good and unerring Superintendence watches over and directs all Events to the final Perfection and Felicity of Mankind? All is well and will yet be better.’

Thus they spent the Time till Night approach'd, when there fell a heavy Rain, which much distres'd the lovely *Heroica*, who was all wet and weary, and inclined to slumber.—*ALEXIS* ever agreeable and engaging in all the Scenes of Life, endeavoured to make the Time pass as agreeably as possible, and being quite Master of Musick sung several pretty Pastorals.—The Point of Land to which they directed their Course began to appear nigh them; and *Heroica* directed the Rowers to pull along the Coast to a certain Rock. A Body of *Erronei* who were guarding the Coast hearing the Sound of *Heroica*'s Words, and Noise of the Oars, immediately appear on the Shore, and Discharge their Arms. The undaunted *Heroica* bids the Rowers not be afraid but pull briskly on to the Rock, and never mind these puffing Rogues. Away they pull through several Creeks and arrive at the intended Rock, where she lands with her supposed

suppos'd Maid and *Vraccius*. Here she leaves *ALEXIS* and *Veracius*, and hastens away about half a Mile's Distance to *Fallacia*, one of the Houses of *Deceptus*, a Shepherd lost to Compassion, who at that Time was in the Retinue of *Sa-gui-ius*. To his Shepherdess *Heroica* applies in behalf of *ALEXIS*, and lays the whole Matter before her. *Mariana* receives the Information, with a Flood of Tear's and cries out, ' *ALEXIS* is undone! *ALEXIS* is undone! He is ruin'd for ever! So many are the *Sanguinarians* that hunt for him here Day and Night, what can be done for him? Heaven only knows!' *C*hever is it? *fallacia* off now: down of *s*ame  
rough bloodt trouv ron V / not to vodz

The valuable *Fidelius*, a Shepherd of untainted Honour and Fidelity, happening to be there and intrusted in the important Affair, begged *Mariana* to compose herself and dry up her Tears. ' He shall not, said he, come to this House. No Harm shall happen to you or your Family. I'll do my best for the Preservation of *ALEXIS*. Give me some Bread and a Bottle of *Hilaria* for his Refreshment and then I shall be gone.' Scarce had he spoke these Words, when the *Erronei* who molested them from the Shore, came to *Fallacia* in quest of *ALEXIS*. Their Leader entered the House and finding *Heroica*, desired to know who came along with her. ' My Maid, replied she, and a Country Fellow of a Servant: They are gone to see their Friends in this Island.'

The wise *Fidelius* takes the Opportunity of this Hurry and steps away to find his important Charge, *Heroica*, having particularly described the Place where she left him, and informed him that *ALEXIS* expected to be put into his Hands. For some Time *Fidelius* wandering up and down to no Purpose began to be afraid of the Worst; till at last seeing a Flock of Sheep running from the Shore, thither he directs his Course, imagining them to have run away upon spying some Body thereabouts. His Conjecture proved to be right.

When he was within seventy or eighty Yards of his wish'd for Object he gave a Cough that he might not come upon him in a Surprize — Immediately *ALEXIS* started to his Feet, and coming briskly forward with a heavy Cudgel in his Hand, asked, ' Sir, are you *Fidelius* of *Rigicia*? ' Yes, replied he, I am at your Service.' Then, said *ALEXIS*, all is well; come let us be jogging on.' Stop a little, replied *Fidelius*, and take some Refreshment, I have brought along with me. I am afraid you have need of it.' Most seasonably it comes, says *ALEXIS*, for I have tasted neither Meat nor Drink for near fifty Hours past.

The *Hilaria* being soon dispatch'd, away they bend their Course to *Rigicia*, seven or eight Miles from the Rock where *ALEXIS* landed. Notwithstanding of his unmanageable Dress, and a continued Series of Fatigue he had been undergoing for some Time, he marched with such a quick Pace, that *Fidelius* was frequently obliged to call upon him to stop, that he might rest and breath a little. In the way they had a River, thro' which *ALEXIS* wades, according to his ordinary Way without pulling off Shoes or Stockings; but happening to lift the Petticoats too high, the honest *Vraccius*

*racius could not help crying, 'Alexis, you will certainly discover yourself, any Person might now discover that, you are no Shepherdess. He thanked Veracius for his great Concern and said with a smiling Countenance, Not being accustomed to this Dress I am apt to forget myself. It is well there are none here but Friends.' When they arrive at Rigicia, the disguised Adventurer is most hospitably receiv'd by the Shepherdess of the Place, and Fidelius after giving a hearty Welcome to his Guest, kindly remarked to him the Inconvenience of his dress. All your Airs, said he, are so much upon the Masculine, that your Dress will only serve to dis- cover you. When you should drop a Courtesy, you make a Bow. When your Garter is loose you rudely pull up the Petticoats, and such is your Method too when you are to ——.'*

*ALEXIS was much pleased with the kind and merry Remarks of his Friend, and frankly owned he was a Stranger to the Dexterity of personating a Character; I always had a Dislike, said he, to your Apes and Mi- micks; there is something in my Nature quite opposite to that Way of doing, who Wonder then that I cut such an awkward and comical Fi- gure at present.' I plainly see, replied Fidelius, that you would make but a very bad Pretender in any Shape of Life; and therefore it is neces- sary that you reassume the Drefs of your Sex. I have a Suit at your Service. This will serve to be a real Disguise, because I am well assured that you are sought after by your blood-thirsty Enemies as in the Habit of a Shepherdess. But, ALEXIS, what is this I see? Your Buskins are so old and tattered, that your Toes have made their Way through them. Wo's me, that my dear ALEXIS should be reduc'd to Rags! Who should dare to complain of Hardships and Difficulties, when the great ALEXIS cheerfully undergoes the greatest? Please except of a Pair I have never used.'*

Then taking off the old Ones, he carefully tied them together, and hung them upon a Piece of an old Crook in the Corner of his Hut and spoke thus to his beloved Guest. You see where I have placed them, I'll sacredly pre- serve them as long as I live; for I hope they will stand me in good Stead yet. In good Stead, replies ALEXIS, with a Smile, how is it possi- ble? When my beloved ALEXIS, adds the happy Landlord, comes to his wish'd for Sanctimia, I'll quickly visit him with Joy, and as my In- troducers these I'll take along with me and shake them on him. ALEXIS much pleased with the jest, bid him be mindful to do as he said. May propitious Heaven smile upon my ardent Wishes, says Fide- lius, grant my ALEXIS a speedy and happy Arrival at his principal Hut Sanctimia. There may he long live in Peace and Plenty, and tend his his Flocks with care.

Next Morning Fidelius, waited on his Guest before he got out of Bed, and was glad to find he had rested well all Night. After the usual Com- pliments, ALEXIS ask'd Fidelius if he could tell him any News: For, said he, I have been for a long Time out of the World, and know not what is passing, pray are not the Griffini landed yet? As little do I know, replies Fidelius, what is passing: and as for the Griffini, I humbly think, you

'you need not expect them. They are the cunning Shepherds that love  
'to play the Game of fast and loose.'

ALEXIS raising himself up in his Bed, and fixing his Eyes upon  
his Friend, said, ' I tell, you, Fidelius, they must come, and they shall  
' come.'

The faithful Guardian, having equipped his Guest in the Habit of a  
Shepherd, begg'd leave to represent to him what course was properst for  
him to take for his future Safety; and happening to mention a Place not  
much to the liking of ALEXIS, he then advised him to go to the Island  
of *Reffia*, where he would meet with his firm Friend *Prudentius*, who had  
attended him in his Adventures, and now deeply shar'd in his Sufferings,  
and would be ready to tender his best Advice.

Every thing being got Ready, they walk to the Shore, where the  
mournful Parting must ensue. ALEXIS expressing his Fears lest he should  
not be so happy as to meet with another *Fidelius* in his wanderings, threw  
his Arms about his Neck and bid him a mournful Farewell: Some  
friendly Tears falling from his Eyes and a few Drops of Blood from his  
Nose.

He lands safely in *Reffia*, and makes his Abode, two or three Days with  
*Prudentius*, who told him that he behoved to return to *Aetheria*, and do  
his best to find out the stout Old *Nestor*. He assured him that the Sage  
had got safe Home after the fatal Affair of *Lachrymania*, and that he would  
probably find him in his own Hut bemoaning the Fate of his dear  
ALEXIS. ' I need not tell you, said he, that one of his well known Ex-  
perience and tried Courage is the fittest Person in the World to advise  
with in your present Situation. The Task is arduous and far above my  
Reach.

Once more the brave ALEXIS, undaunted in all the Pressures of Life,  
must make his way to *Aetheria*.

In passing over it's heathy Mountains with some Provisions on his Back,  
he meets with a well look'd stately Shepherd in the Bloom of Life, whom  
he had never seen before this accidental happy Meeting, but was much  
taken with his goodly Appearance. As they approached they kept their  
Eyes fixt on one another. When they met, the Shepherd makes ALEXIS  
a low Bow, and being struck with the graceful and uncommon Mien of  
the amiable ALEXIS, and wishfully gazing upon him, cries out, You  
are certainly ALEXIS! my dear distressed ALEXIS! ALEXIS both sur-  
prized and pleased answered, from your Looks I can easily imagine you  
to be one of the honest Shepherds; but pray what are you? ' I am Con-  
stantius, answered the Shepherd, and am ready to do you any Service;  
I'll do any thing, I'll run every risk for my dear ALEXIS.' ' Well  
then, says the magnanimous Wanderer, I am ALEXIS, and am exceed-  
ingly happy in this seasonable Interview; but pray to what Place will  
you direct me.' ' To the hospitable Hut of honest old Nestor, replies he.'

He

• He is the trusty Friend whom I want to see, says ALEXIS, and let us lose no Time.' 'Tho' the Journey be no less than twenty four Miles, replies Constantius, we must saunter in the Hills till Sunset, and then we can Advance with the greater Safety, as the several Parties that are in search of you will be gone to Rest.' ALEXIS, agreed to his Advice and upon the Approach of Night they set out. They had not gone far, till Constantius found himself very much put to it to keep up with his hardy Companion; so quick was his Pace, tho' still carrying his Provision on his Back: and he declared that two or three Days of such Exercise would quite destroy him. Several Times he express'd his Surprise that the brave Adventurer could support under such Fatigues. Under auspicious Heaven, says ALEXIS, I hope to outlive all my Difficulties, and to enjoy all I wish, and all I want. Do you see this Doubt, Constantius? I hope this shall carry me to *Sanctimia* yet. Next Morning they arrive safe at Nestor's, who received them with all the Tenderness of a Father.

ALEXIS conceived such an Opinion of his Guardian Constantius, that he could not think of parting with him, but he urged it as necessary. Before this Time, says he, I will be amissing; and a Jealousy will be entertain'd that nothing could keep me so long from those I have a Concern in, but the Chance of meeting with you. If you wish your own Safety we must bid adieu in hopes to meet again.—I must be gone and will throw myself in the Way to be taken in order to preserve you. Old Nestor supported his Opinion, and applauded his generous Resolution. Begone, my Child, said he, and bravely do as you propose. Heavens preserve you and reward your heroick Spirit.

My dearest ALEXIS, farewell, never forget your own Constantius.—Adieu, my faithful Constantius; be ever mindful of the wandering ALEXIS.

Nestor prepares every Thing for the Departure of ALEXIS from *Etheria*, where he could promise him no Safety. In a few Days they set out in a small Boat, and quickly land upon the Continent of ROBUSTIA, where ALEXIS is happy in finding some of his old Friends. This Meeting yields so much Joy on both Sides, that it is impossible to describe it.

Here we must leave ALEXIS for a while, and view the hard Fate of his former Guardians.

Nestor behoved to take leave of the young Adventurer and his Attendants, and in his return to *Etheria* had the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of CRUDELIUS. Along with him were taken a Brother of the faithful *Acbates*, and the three Rowers. One of the Rowers had the good Luck to escape, the second declared all he knew of the Matter; but the third, CORDIUS, stood bravely to his Tackling and refused to make a Declaration. CRUDELIUS used Flattery and Threats by Turns, but all would not work upon

the undaunted Spirits of the brave, tho' low, *Cordius*. The ungenerous blood thirsty Monster orders him to be tied up and severely whipt with Cords even in the Presence of the venerable and tender hearted *Nefor*. — *Cordius* endures the cruel Treatment, with unshaken Courage, even when the Blood gushed from his Side. By chance *Fidelius* was present; very desirous to see the Cruelty at an End, and the bold *Cordius* come off with Honour; but perceiving that the horrid Barbarity was continued designedly to put an End to his Life, he stapp'd to him and begg'd him in *Yalk* to save a Life so precious, by making a Declaration, for says he, it can do no Harm? Amidst all the Pain and Torture he was suffering, he had the Presence of Mind to say, ‘ Are you sure, *Fidelius*, my Declaration can do no Harm?’ ‘ I am very sure,’ replied he, for the worthy *Heroica* is in custody, and has boldly owned Facts, and your Fellow Rower you know, has declared every Thing.’ Upon this *Cordius* was prevailed on to save a Life that he would otherwise have resolutely sacrificed rather than in the least injured the heroick *ALEXIS*. — A Pattern from a Clown to many in high and exalted Stations! — Here we have a convincing Proof, that true Fortitude and Honour are to be found in low Life, when the smallest Tracts of these Virtues are not to be found in many of those in much higher Ranks — But *Cordius* is immediately throw in Goal.

Soon after this *Fidelius* is taken into Custody by *Militarius*, and *Crudelius* was ordered to examine his *Shepberdes*, who had the Courage to say, *Crudelius*, ‘ if you are to be my Judge, Heavens have Mercy on me.’

*Militarius* shewed much civility to *Fidelius*, and told him so long as he continued in his Hands, he would treat him with Respect; but that he behoved to send him to *Sanguinus*, ‘ and if,’ says he, ‘ you will give me your honest Word, that you will go alone, I will send no Men along with you, and will write in your Favours. This will at least entitle you to good Usage.’ *Fidelius* had too much good Sense not to be sensible of this generous Offer, for which he humbly thanked *Militarius*, and frankly pawned his Word.

When *Fidelius* arrived at *Koluptinia*, he was brought before *Trickelius*, who sent *Militarius*’s Letter to this Master; for to him it was address'd.

Upon perusal of the Letter *Sanguinus* acted the Fury to the Life, Stamping up and down, and expressing himself to those about him in very rough and uncouth Words.

‘ This *Fidelius*, said he, by — must be a Knave, a Villain. It was in his Power to have prevented much Trouble to my Followers. — He could have saved, by —, a vast Expence, that must be thrown

thrown away in searching after that rascally Fellow, who might now have been in our Hands, or dispatch'd, by ——. Ay, G—— d—— him, he must be a silly Knave too, by G——, a Fool, a down right Idiot, by G——. He has stupidly neglected a very handsome Reward, a very pretty Sum by G——. What a mighty great Man might he have been, had he nick'd his Opportunity? —— He would have laid infinite Obligations on the G——t, by G——, and so have raised himself and his Family for ever.—The Fool's Doom is certain by G——. Hanging is too good for him, by G——. He deserves death upon Deaths, thousands of them by G——. Thus he express'd himself for some Time, and then gave Orders to throw *Fidelius* into a nasty Dungeon, and to load him with heavy Irons; from whence he was soon removed to *Ruperia* a Place of great Strength, where he indured a very strict and close Confinement; but bore his Misfortunes with a becoming Greatness.

While *Fidelius* was under Examination, the Words of *Trickelius* were to the same Purpose as those of *Sagui-zur*, but express'd in a softer Stile, and with an Air of Concern for the Misfortunes he had brought upon himself. *Fidelius* begg'd leave to tell him, 'That if he would bring all the Gold in the World before him, and lay it Heap upon Heap, 'till it should swell to the Bulk of that Mountain in View (pointing to it,) I would not, continues *Fidelius*, take it in exchange for that Peace of Mind I enjoy for what I have done.' *A great Soul has no Price.*

The youthful *Constantius* was likewise seiz'd upon and confin'd with the stout old *Nestor* and several others.

Let us now return to *ALEXIS*. — He desired his Partners in Distress to let him know what was passing in the World. They inform him, that the *Trumpeters* were the most dangerous of all Enemies, and that they had shut their Ears to the Cries and Groans of the native *Robustia*; that they had lately composed some new *Tunes* to delude the lower Shepherds, and Prejudice them against the ancient Melody. The *Trumpeters* told that acts of Hospitality and Compassion to the honest Shepherds were the blackest of Crimes; and the Seizing, nay Butchering of *ALEXIS* was recommended as an indispensable Duty. 'Where can we find Words, say his faithful Sufferers, for the horrid Description? and who can hear it without a sorrowful Heart and gushing Eyes? Our Blood runs chill to think on the sad Reverse of all that is facted! Their constant theme is *Fire and Sword, Plunder and Extirpation, Goals and Chains, Axes and Gibbets, Blood, Blood, Blood!*

To these *Trumpeters* and the artful *Lexelius, Strutterius* and his Accomplices owe more, than to all the World besides. — None were ever more dextrous in forming a Scheme, more successful

successful in the Execution for the Ruin of their poor Country.

Musick of old, replies *ALEXIS*, was the Vehicle of Knowledge, the Instructor of Virtue. It tended to soften the Manners of Mankind, to inspire them with Love and Benevolence, acts of Generosity and Forgiveness. Hard it is ! that the best of Sciences should be so misapplied .

The Picture, *ALEXIS*, comes far short of the Original. The World is turn'd upside Down. In every Combustion, when the Humours begin to boil, the Scum always flows uppermost. Low servile Arts get the ascendant of Merit, and Acts of Treachery and Cruelty are steps to Preferment. Only view the love abandon'd *Mendacius*, whose name ever was a sufficient Indication of his Character—How cruelly does he exult on the Ruins of his weeping Country ? What shall we say of *Deceptus* and *Erroneus*, who have been the Tools of *Lexelius* ; seduced by artful Smiles and smooth Words, they now have the Mortification to see themselves involv'd in the general Wreck, and to brood over the melancholy Thought of surviving their Country. Had they acted their Parts with a becoming Fortitude, we should have this Day been playing the favourite Song of the Plain, *Peggy now the King's come*. But now we must lay aside — Cease to complain, says *ALEXIS*, dwell not so much upon the Instruments of the fatal Ruin, as quite to overlook the hand their wisely directs all Things to their proper Ends.—Invectives will bitter, but can never sweeten the Cup of Adversity.—*Deceptus* and *Erroneus*, have indeed baulk'd our Expectations, and acted Parts I chuse not to insist on ; but who knows what may happen to rouse them to a Sense of their Error ? They may yet atone for what is past. Even *Lexelius* himself, upon a serious review of the Miseries that attend his *distrest Country*, may change his Sentiments, and have a Hand in applying the only Medicine that can *revive* it.— Let us not despair.—Our Busines is to look forwards, and hope for the best.—But my Friends, I am afraid, we stay too long in one Place. What next is to be done for our common Safety ? Let us lose no Time ; for the Enemy is not far off.

The Danger, say they, is exceeding great, and the Safety of your Person is our only Aim. If we accomplish that, we are indifferent what become of ourselves. We will chearfully undergo any Hardships to preserve you. All the high Roads and By-ways are so strictly guarded by different Parties, that there is no passing them ; and yet it is proper that you should make your Way down the Continent. You are sought after as being in the Habit of a Shepherd ; no other Method therefore is left us, but that one of our Number should be equipt in that Habit, and boldly resolve to fall a Sacrifice for your Preservation.'

*ALEXIS*

*ALEXIS* struck with this surprizing Instance of Heroism, could not help being shock'd at the Proposal. He commanded them to give over the Thoughts telling ' That rather than any of his *brave Followers* should fail to facilitate his Escape, he would scuttle from Corner to Corner in the narrow Limits of his present Situation; I am not insensible of the present Danger, continues he, but there is something that tells me the *Sanguinarians* shall not have Power to hurt me. I hope for better Things yet.' ' So do we, replied they, but we must use the Means.' ' But your Proposal I will never agree to, said *ALEXIS*, be the Consequence what it will.' To this Purpose they continued arguing for a considerable Time; and *Celestius* finding that *ALEXIS* was determined against the Proposal, undiscovered leaves them, gets himself dress'd in a Shepherdess's Habit, and the better to carry on his Design, takes along with him two Youths, to make a small Defence, when he should be attack'd. With these he sets out and had not gone far, till a Body of *Sanguinarians* appear. The nearer he approaches to them, the bolder he advances.

They cry to him, ' are you the — ? are you the — ? ' I am *ALEXIS*, I am *ALEXIS*, replied he.' The two Companions interpose, but were soon disabled with several Wounds. The undaunted *Celestius* continues crying, ' I am *ALEXIS*, I am *ALEXIS*.' Being all over Blood and Wounds he falls to the Ground, and is left as dead. The two Youths are made Prisoners by the *Sanguinarians*, who make the Hills resound with their hollowing and roaring for Joy of having (as they supposed) made an End of *ALEXIS*. *Celestius* lay in the sad Condition he was left in by the *Sanguinarians*, till some of those who knew of his Resolution, came to the Place on purpose to see what had become of him, and they finding that there was Breath in his Body, carry'd it off, and apply'd Medicines used by the Shepherds, upon which he began to grow better, and in some Weeks was quite recovered. *ALEXIS* sets out for the Continent, not knowing of *Celestius*'s Enterprize, and after wandering several Days through Hills and Deserts, unexpectedly meets with his long wish'd for *Achates*.

They were so overjoy'd that they were unable to speak, *ALEXIS* at last says, ' My dear *Achates*, I cannot express my Satisfaction at this Meeting, I am happily surprized with; I was afraid the Wounds you got at *Lachrymania* had robb'd me of my *Achates*.' — These Wounds, *ALEXIS*, I received on the fatal Plain, and all little enough for the rightful Cause. Clearfully could I breath every Vein in the glorious Strife, and purchase a happy Exit. When I hear of the many Profanations, that are too common, I am fir'd with Indignation — I am almost wearied of Life. — Willingly would I vindicate the Cause of Heaven, if Heaven stood in Need. — But just Heaven can pour down Vengeance on the guilty Heads, and wisely adapt the Punishment to the Crime.' — Profanations! cries *ALEXIS*, what do you mean *Achates*? Yes, replies he, Profanations, and such too as would make

make Savages blush. The Temples of the Shepherd are set on Fire, and the sacred *Thelema* and *Eucharia* have not escaped the Flames ! 'The *Thelema* and *Eucharia*, says *ALEXIS*.' 'Certainly the consuming of them must have been by Accident.' 'Not by Accident, replied *Acbates*, the *Sanguinarians* with loud Throats and Huzzas throw them into the Flames, and what is most surprizing these very Miscreants pretend a great Veneration for the *Thelema* and *Eucharia*, and gives out that they look on them as the only Gnides to —

*Here the Manuscript ends abruptly.*